

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

I get around

By RONALD RICHARDS

They buried them different those days

I HAVE been around some churchyards and found several epitaphs that, to say the least, are different. The first, which is to be found on the grave of Mary Adley, who died at the age of 29 and was buried at Shifnal, reads:—

Reader, attend, look at my name,
And if thy sex it be the same,
Look at my age, and then beware
Of what hath been my early snare.
Too hastily I fixed my mind
Upon a youth who proved unkind;
No sooner were we wed than he
Took what I had and then left me.
Tragic, that, but look at the resting-place of a man named Treen, who died in 1810:—
I poorly lived, poorly died,
Poorly buried—no one cried.
You will agree that was even sadder; after all, Mary had enjoyed herself.

An example of Midland philosophy is to be found in a Birmingham graveyard:—
O cruel death, how could you be so unkind,
To take him before, and leave me behind?
You should have taken both of us, if either.
Which would have been more pleasing to the survivor.
At Cheltenham is an advertisement:—
Here I lie with my two daughters,
All along of drinking Cheltenham waters;
If only we'd stuck to Epsom salts,
We shouldn't be lying in these here vaults.

Another advertising epitaph I found in the cemetery at Upton-on-Severn. It reads:—
Here there lies, in hopes of Zion,
The former landlord of the Lion;
Resigned unto the heavenly will,
His son keeps on the business still.

In the same yard is another touching message:—
Here lies the body of Sarah Ford,
Whose soul we trust is with the Lord;
But if for hell she's changed this life,
It's better than being John Ford's wife.

Equally suggestive of domestic differences is another Birmingham stone:—
Here lies the mother of children seven,
Four on earth and three in heaven;
The three in heaven preferring rather
To die with mother than live with father.

Richard Lawton died and was buried at Moreton-in-Marsh. On his stone are the lines:—
Here lie the bones of Richard Lawton,

Whose death, alas, was strangely brought on;
Trying one day his corns to mow off,
The razor slipped and cut his toe off.

Another message that has a warning note is to be found in a yard at Stoke:—
All who come my grave to see,
Avoid strange beds and think of me.

At Brinklow, on the stone of Thomas Bolton, are these words:—
He chiefly got his livelihood
By faggoting and selling wood,
Till Death, the conqueror of all,
Gave the feller himself a fall.

Thomas Fuller, the Puritan preacher, died, and on his stone he simply said:—
"Fuller's Earth."

An epitaph I found at Great Wolford has appeal, I think:—
Here old John Randal lies,
Who, counting from his tale,
Lived three score years and ten.

Such virtue lies in ale,
Ale was his meat,
Ale was his drink,
Ale did his heart revive,
And if he could have drunk his ale,
He still had been alive.

Perhaps the epitaph of epitaphs was by Pope, who said:—
Friend, in your epitaphs I'm grieved,
So very much is said;
One half will never be believed,
The other never read.

✕ ✕ ✕

IN these days of Spitfires and tanks and submarines it is fantastic to talk to someone whose father fought with Nelson and Wellington.

Eighty-nine-year-old Mrs. Margaret Martin - Atkins, daughter of General W. Johnson, who was born 166 years ago, is still living at the family home in Wells, Somerset.

Mrs. Martin-Atkins's father fought with Nelson, and also with Wellington in the Peninsular War, 1808-14.

It was after he had retired from active service that General Johnson married, at the age of 58, a young and beautiful girl of 19.

They settled down in Lincolnshire to raise a family of nine, of whom Mrs. Martin-Atkins was the youngest. She was born during the Crimea War.

Talking to this very elegant old lady is a delight. She takes one through her own and her father's era without a slip in dates.

George III—George VI—Napoleon—Hitler—Churchill. What a journey!

✕ ✕ ✕

BEACH Sheik: "I should think you'd recognise me. I saved you from drowning only yesterday."

Beach Cutie: "Morning, afternoon or evening?"

GWAN! CANCHA SPEAK LIKE US BARGEES?

A CABIN as gaily painted as a gipsies' caravan floated by—a thumping oil engine in the stern of the leading barge, followed by a streaming wake of barges laden with 90 tons of war goods, food and fuel.

Many times every hour these water-caravans go by—the only bunting on these inland merchant ships being the week's washing that hangs on the clothes-line above the galley chimney of the leading barge.

There are 4,000 miles of inland-canal waterways in Britain. Fewer than 2,500 miles are actively in use, but, thanks to the war, a "Canal Dictator" has been appointed, and the Ministry of Transport is going to revolutionise barge transport on our inland waterways.

Bargees look like becoming as important as merchant seamen, and the flat-bottomed boats that never leave England will become as famous as merchant tramp steamers that have steamed a score of times round the Cape.

The principal canals are: Aire and Calder, Grand Union, Leeds and Liverpool, Trent Navigation, Manchester Ship, Lee Navigation, and the Bridgewater.

But several hundred miles of canals are still idle. These became derelict in pre-war days and it has not been considered practicable to restore them.

At the moment labour is the limiting factor in the use of canals.

Every boat that can be manned is busily engaged carrying vital supplies, but there are many that could be brought into service if they could be manned. Bargees

controlled in the same way as the railways, but, the Ministry of War Transport have pointed out, they will continue to be run by the existing organisations.

For some time the inland waterways, which have been greatly improved and modernised since the war with the help of Government subsidies, have been under the supervision of six regional committees, with a central co-ordinating committee, whose chairman is Mr. Noel Baker, the "Canal Dictator."

Freight charges on the canals are to be controlled, and it is expected that much tonnage will be diverted to them, giving priority to more urgent goods on the railways and the roads.

Over the 4,000-odd miles of Britain's inland waterways at the beginning of this century 45,000,000 tons of cargo went every year.

By 1925 this figure had shrunk to 15,000,000. In 1938 it was 13,000,000 tons. To-day it is little more than 10,000,000 tons.

In 1913 the railway-controlled canals carried 10,000,000 tons of goods (against the non-railway canals 26,000,000 tons). In 1938 the figures had sunk to 1,100,000 tons (against 12,000,000 tons).

The railways, until the Government took control, owned 1,000 miles of canals, against 1,425 miles owned independently. To-day our canals are carrying some 10,000,000 tons of goods a year, but they could be carrying 50,000,000 tons a year—and very much more as soon as certain improvements were effected in the canals.

When the Government takes



A river sail barge; tough sailors of the Thames.

themselves can be put to the best use, and "spoken like a bargee" may become a phrase of pride!

The great canal "cross" of England runs from Hull to Bristol and from Liverpool to London, the main junction being Birmingham. The London-Birmingham section of the cross is in first-class order. The Bristol-Gloucester-Birmingham section is in good order, but traffic is hampered by the varying width of the several canals which constitute the whole.

The Liverpool - Birmingham section badly needs modernising, but the fact that fewer ships are now coming into Hull makes it a less-important section than any of the others.

The principal canals and the carriers using them are to be

over the entire canal system, large-scale economies are expected to be effected.

Bargees will be diverted to wherever there is greatest demand for them.

Since the late Mr. Frank Pick carried out his lengthy investigations into the canal systems and presented his secret 30,000-word report to the Government, large sums have gone to modernise the waterways and the "inland ports" where cargoes are loaded and unloaded.

New, modern motor-barges are now operating, and experiments are being made with a new type of barge designed to save a considerable amount of petrol.

On Mr. Pick's recommendation, canal docks have been en-



Hiya, Uncle! A CHEERY GREETING FOR TELEGRAPHIST FRANK REYNOLDS

WELL, here is a really cheery greeting for 19-year-old Frank Reynolds, and it's from 12-months-old Charlie, his nephew. There won't be any need to guess who's holding Charlie in this picture. Of course, it's Mum, smiling as usual.

When the "Good Morning" photographer called at your home in Newminster Road, Fenham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, it was wash-day; the lines stretching to the bottom of the garden were pegged with clothes.

Mary, your sister, was busy doing the housework after finishing her morning at the wash-tub, and the other baby was out for a walk. Meanwhile the painters and decorators were at the top of their ladders, giving the house a new coat of paint.

Mum sends a message, that Harry is starting to dig the garden now, and that she has already ordered a turkey for Christmas, on the chance that you will be home to take your share. Dad, who is working at night, is planning a party for you when you return, and it is certainly going to be a big party if he knows anything about it!

larged, warehouses and loading sheds built, and mobile cranes and other mechanical loading and unloading devices installed.

The railway competition in peace-time consisted in quoting very low rates for carriage of goods between points also served by the independently owned canals. They also offered free warehousing and other facilities, for which, in other areas, traders would have had to pay heavily.

But the canals fought back. The Grand Union, whose canals run right up to the industrial Midlands and the coalfields of Derbyshire, took up the challenge. It spent £1,000,000 on improving its track to give its customers a better service.

The Kennet and Avon Canal is the only direct waterway link between London and Bristol.

Before the last war the G.W.R. declared that the canal was losing them £5,000 a year.

Now that it is no secret that "much-blitzed" Bristol is one of our busiest ports, it might justifiably be assumed that trains of barges carrying thousands of tons of goods should be pumped through the canal, thus relieving pressure on the railways and ridding the West of its congestion.

Another vital waterway to-day—perhaps the most important in the whole country—is the Shropshire Union, connecting Liverpool, now our busiest port, with the Midlands.

It is certainly being used to relieve the Mersey congestion, but only to a fractional extent compared with what it could handle.

Through the years attempts have been made to modernise the canal, but all have proved fruitless. Its condition is such, however, that under right direction it could be put into a 90 per cent. efficient state in two or three months.

Britain's new Canal Dictator will need to have immediate compulsory powers to solve labour problems—at present, unlike the railwaymen, who may not leave their employment, canal workers are being attracted away from their own craft by the higher pay offered by munitions work.

If necessary, he must be able to obtain the services of the Inland Water Section of the Royal Engineers to help solve the problem.

The canals, if they are allowed to do so, and if their problems are efficiently tackled, can then very materially assist to relieve the country's difficulties.

Moreover, after the war they could take their rightful place in a co-ordinated transport system.

Half the total tonnage carried by the barges is coal and coke. Grain, tar, oil and cement are being transported on the canals in increasing quantities.

CHRIS GOULD.

THE VANISHING OF VAUDREY

By G. K. CHESTERTON

"SO you think Dalmon is a blackmailer," repeated Father Brown. He reflected for a moment, and then said: "I think I should like to go up to the house now and have a talk to Dr. Abbott."

When he came out of the house an hour or two later he was in the company of Sybil Rye, a pale girl with reddish hair and a profile delicate and almost tremulous. At the sight of her, one could instantly understand all the secretary's story of her shuddering candour. Only the shy can be so shameless for conscience sake.

Smith came forward to meet them, and for a moment the three stood talking on the lawn. The day, which had been brilliant from daybreak, was now glowing, and even glaring; but Father Brown was carrying his black bundle of an umbrella as well as wearing his black umbrella of a hat; and seemed, in a general way, buttoned up to breast the storm.

But perhaps it was only an unconscious effect of attitude; and, perhaps, the storm was not a material storm.

"What I hate about it all," Sybil was saying in a low voice, "is the talk that's beginning already; suspicions against everybody. John and Evan can answer for each other, I suppose; but Dr. Abbott has had an awful scene with the butcher, who thinks he is accused, and is throwing accusations about in consequence."

"His throat has been cut"

Evan Smith looked very uncomfortable, then blurted out: "Look here, Sybil, I can't say much, but we don't think there's been any violence."

"Have you got a theory, then?" asked the girl, looking instantly at the priest.

"I have heard a theory," he replied, "which seems to me very convincing."

He stood looking rather dreamily towards the river; and Smith and Sybil began to talk to each other swiftly, in lowered tones. The priest drifted along the river bank, ruminating, and then plunged into a plantation of thin trees on an almost overhanging bank.

A minute or two later Evan Smith heard his own name called cautiously from the green depths of the thicket.

He stepped rapidly in that direction and met Father Brown returning. The priest said to him, in a very low voice:

"Don't let the lady come down here. Can't you get rid of her? Ask her to telephone or something; and then come back here again."

Evan Smith turned with a rather desperate appearance of carelessness and approached the girl. But she was not the sort of person whom it is hard to make busy with small jobs for others.

Smith came back, to find that Father Brown had once more vanished into the thicket. Just beyond the clump of trees was a sort of small chasm, where the turf had subsided to the level of the sand by the river.

Father Brown was standing on the brink of this cleft, looking down. And he was holding his hat in his hand.

"You had better see this for yourself," he said heavily, "as a matter of evidence. But I warn you to be prepared."

"Prepared for what?" "Only for the most horrible thing I ever saw in my life," said Father Brown.

Smith stepped to the edge of the bank—and repressed a scream.

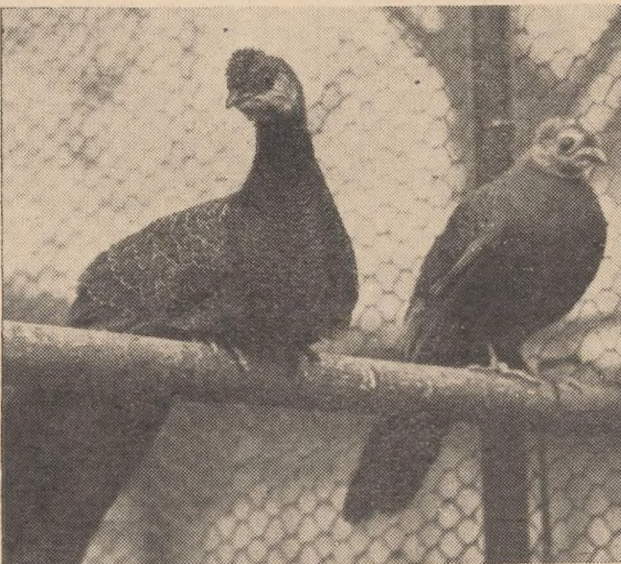
For Sir Arthur Vaudrey

was glaring—and grinning up at him.

The face was turned up so that Smith could have put his foot on it; the head was thrown back, with its whitish-yellow hair towards him, and the face was upside-down.

This made it seem all the more like part of a nightmare—as if a man were walking about with his head stuck on the wrong way.

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Lovely pair of pheasants, aren't they? Supposing there had been a lot of them, would you have called the group a Flight, Desert, Brood, or a Nide? Which would be correct? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 170: Barbara Stanwyck.

FIGURE THESE OUT

(1) THE ship's cook and his mate started lading treacle out of a big drum. The cook's ladle held an ounce, and the mate's half as much again. They took alternate dips, to full capacity, the cook taking both first and last ladleful.

Next time they tackled an identical drum, with the same ladles. Again the cook got in the first and last dip, but the mate made a couple of dips between each two of the cook's.

The cook made 30 fewer dips into the second drum than into the first. How many dips did each man make from each drum, and how many ounces of treacle did each drum contain?

(2) DO you remember in a recent puzzle the young lady who dated her letters numerically? She has cropped up again.

She noticed that if she had divided her four-figure date (as if it had been a four-figure number) by 6, the result—with a couple of dots added, of course—would have been a date a little more than two months earlier.

But if she had divided her

date by 5, and then reversed the result, it would have been a date over a year later.

All the dates were present-war ones.

What was the first date? (Solutions on Page 3)

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in SAWDUST, and in SHAVINGS,

My second's in SQUANDER, not in SAVINGS,

My third is in MONEY, not in RICHES,

My fourth is in CORDUOYS, not BREECHES,

My fifth is in JACKET, not in TUNIC,

My sixth is in MUNSTER, not in MUNICH,

My seventh's in SIGNALS, not in MORSE,

My eighth is in LANCERS, not in HORSE,

My ninth is in FENCING, not in PARRY,

My tenth is in CARDIFF, not in BARRY.

(Answer on Page 3)

What was Sir Arthur doing?

Was it possible that Vaudrey was really creeping about, hiding in the cracks of fields and banks, and peering at them?

The rest of the figure seemed hunched and almost crooked; deformed.

But—on looking more closely, this seemed only the foreshortening of limbs fallen in a heap.

Was he mad? Was he? The more Smith looked, the stiffer the posture seemed.

"You can't see it properly from here," said Father Brown, "but his throat is out."

Smith shuddered suddenly. "I can quite well believe it's the most horrible thing you've seen," he gasped. "I think it must be seeing the face upside-down. You turn it upside-down, and it looks like a fiend."

"The face really is smiling," said Father Brown, "and that is by no means the least part of the riddle."

He looked sombrely at the dead man.

"Not many men," he said, "smile while their throats are cut. That smile and those smiling eyes are enough to explain his expression. But, it's true, things look different upside-down. Artists often turn their drawings upside-down to test their correctness."

The priest, thus talking to steady the other man's nerves, concluded by saying in a more serious tone:

"I quite understand. It must have upset you. Unfortunately, it also upset something else."

"What do you mean?"

"It has upset the whole of our very complete theory," said the priest. He began clambering down the bank on to the little strip of sand by the river.

"Perhaps he did it himself," said Smith abruptly. "After all, that's the most obvious escape."

"He didn't come here at all," said Father Brown. "At least, not alive—and not by land. He wasn't killed here, there's not enough blood."

"The body must first have been washed down the river, presumably from the village, for the river runs just behind the row of little houses and shops. Poor Vaudrey died up in the hamlet, somehow; after all, I don't think he committed suicide."

"But who would have killed Sir Arthur Vaudrey up in that potty little place?" (To be continued)

From "The Secret of Father Brown."

(By permission of Mrs. G. K. Chesterton).

WANGLING WORDS—127

1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after MPERA, to make a word.

2.—Rearrange the letters of GREY SMILE, to make a South Coast resort.

3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BOLT into DOOR, CASH into SAFE, MOTE into BEAM, CRIME into STORY.

4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from MAGNIFICENT.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 126

1.—ALLEGORICAL.

2.—NEWMARKET.

3.—BRASS, BRADS, BEADS, BENDS, BANDS.

PLAY, PLAT, SLAT, SEAT, BEAT, BELT, BELL, BALL, BAD, BED, BEE, BET, BIT, LIT, LID, AID, ADD ADO, AGO, EGO, EGG.

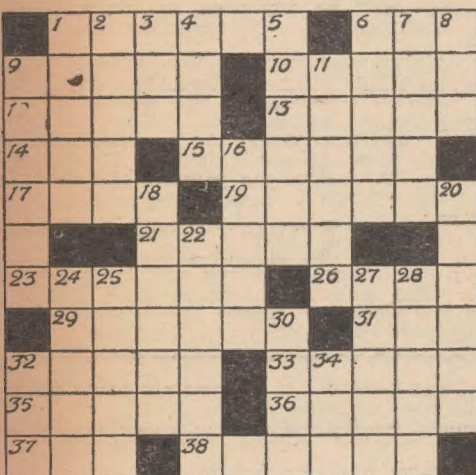
SOFT, LOFT, LIFT, RIFT, RIOT, ROOT, BOOK, BOAT, BOAR, ROAR, SOAR, SOAP.

4.—Plat, Plan, Plum, Tail, Unit, Lint, Main, Pain, Lain, Nail, Aunt, etc.

Latin, Until, Plait, Paint, Plain, Tamil, etc.

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them. Goldsmith.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.
1 Grope awkwardly.
6 Animal.
9 Shelter.
10 Musically slow.
12 Pointed.
13 Each.
14 Comrade.
15 Think out.
17 Frolic.
19 Nimble beast.
21 Representative.
23 Water ouzel.
26 Catch sight of.
29 Meal.
31 Sew down edge.
32 Laughter-maker.
33 Precious stone.
35 Positive pull.
36 Rent asunder.
37 Cricket score.
38 Chance of harm.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem

SANG LAPPED
CHOOSE ALTO
RAG HARRIER
U GEESSE DRY
FLIP HAM N
FINIS METAL
Q COB NILE
GUM FLOUR A
REACTION AID
AURA NEEDLE
BREWED HELD

CLUES DOWN.

1 Converging. 2 Part of palate. 3 Encountered. 4 Propagated. 5 Football team. 6 Salad plant. 7 Consent. 8 Rattle. 9 Outdid. 11 Fly. 16 Pitchers. 18 Barked. 20 Non-experts. 22 Harnesses. 24 Form of ridicule. 25 Black tea. 27 Pare. 28 Boy's name. 30 Mountain lake. 32 Abrupt poke. 34 Carriage.

JANE



GOODNESS, GEORGIE, WHAT AN UNGODLY HOUR TO CALL A GIRL!—I DON'T THINK I OUGHT TO TALK TO YOU IF YOU'RE JUST GOING TO TELL ME YOU LOVE ME AGAIN—I'M IN MY NIGHTIE...



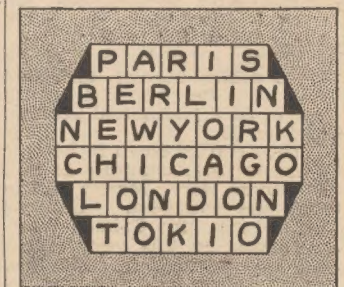
VERY NICE, TOO!—BUT LISTEN, JANE!—I'VE GOT THE SPECIAL LICENCE—MEET ME AT THE REGISTER OFFICE TOMORROW!

OH RATHER, DARLING!—I'LL BRING THE COLONEL AND HIS WIFE WITH ME AS WITNESSES...



GOOD GIRL!—I'VE LEFT MY BAG AT BOLONEY'S FLAT—WE'LL DASH OFF FOR A WEEK'S WOO THE MOMENT WE'RE MARRIED!—CAN DO?

M-M-MM!—I DARE SAY I CAN IF I TRY—DARLING!



LARGEST CITIES

Solution: as shown, and their correct order of population is as follows:—

London, 8 millions; New York, 7 millions; Tokio, 5½ millions; Berlin, 4 millions; Chicago, 3½ millions; Paris, 3 millions.

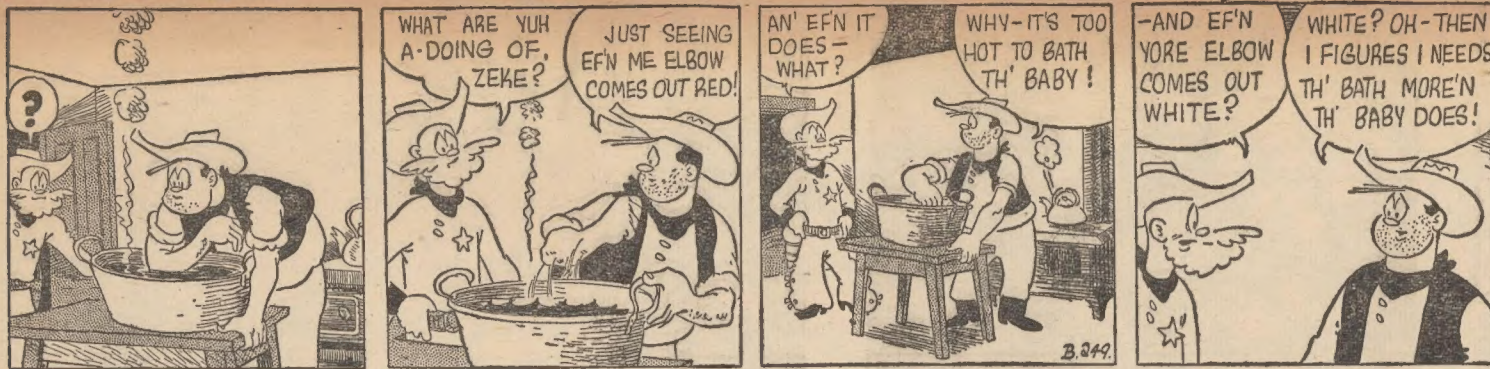
Answers to Quiz in No. 170

1. Musical instrument.
2. (a) George Eliot, (b) Charles M. Doughty.
3. Marzipan is a sweet; the others are flowers.
4. Superior, Michigan, Erie, Ontario, Huron.
5. Emerson.
6. William Gilbert.
7. Infallible, Preconceive.
8. 200,000,000.
9. Character in Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor."
10. "And most divinely fair." Tennyson.
11. 1912.
12. (a) Mooney, (b) Cromarty.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience.

Patrick Henry (1736-1799)

BEELZEBUB JONES



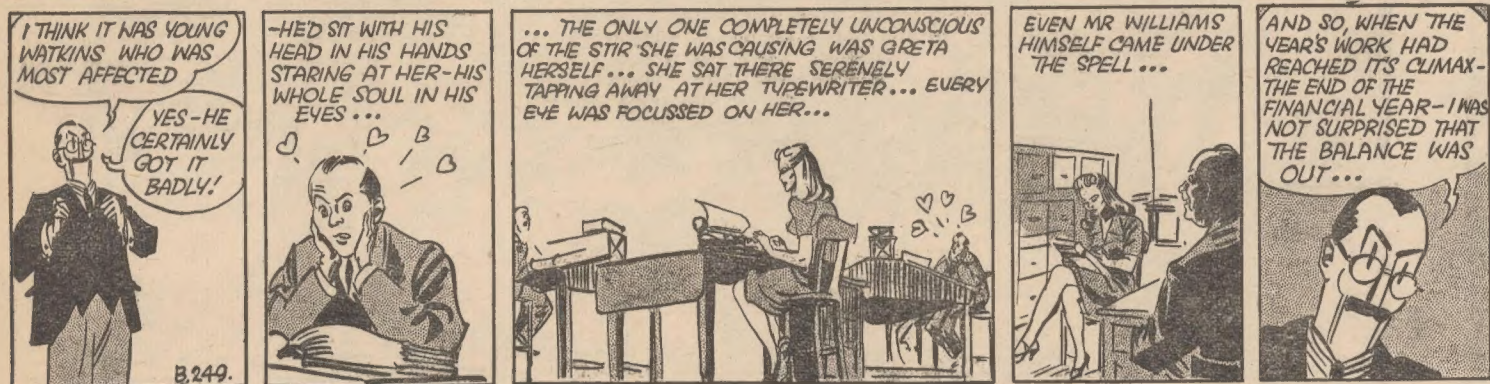
BELINDA



POPEYE



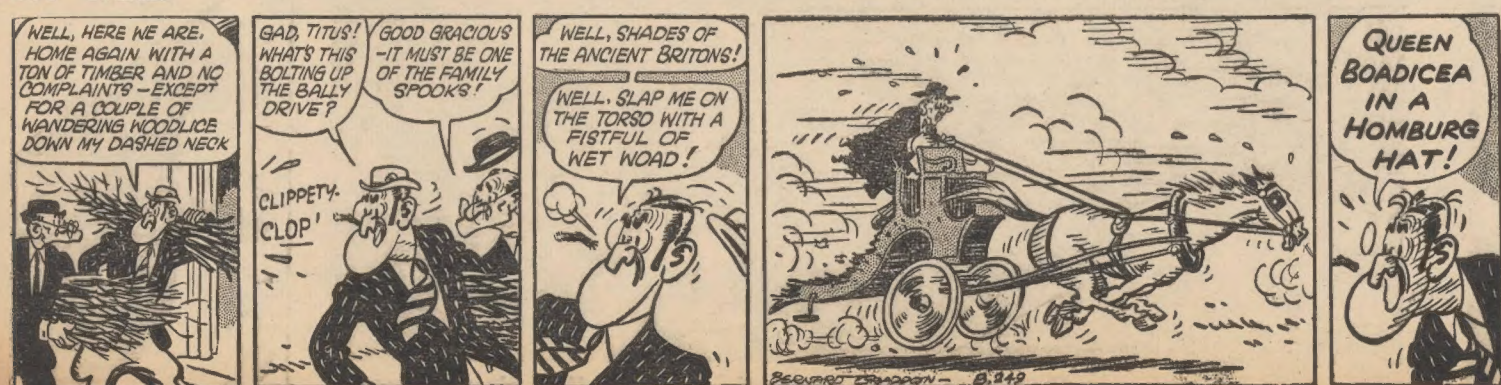
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Clubs and their Players—No. 6

THE WOLVES

"THAT fellow Frank Buckley's a wizard. He can make a good footballer out of any youngster," a well-known manager said to me a short time ago; and there is no doubt that "Major Frank," of Wolverhampton Wanderers, is about the most successful manager in modern football.

In the last few years dozens of good players have been developed by the Wolves and passed on to other clubs at a handsome fee. But they do not pass them all on. Such stars as Dennis Westcott, the centre-forward, and Stan Cullis, both England players, still wear Wolverhampton's colours.

The local people are very proud of their team, yet it was only after quite a struggle that the Wanderers were allowed to put the "Wolverhampton" in their title.

Originally the St. Luke's F.C., a church side, in the summer found many of their members playing cricket for a team called The Wanderers. One day someone suggested that they should call themselves Wolverhampton Wanderers—and promptly received an objection from the local team belonging to the Great Western Railway.

They decided to play each other for the honour of putting Wolverhampton in front of their title, and the present Wolves won by five goals to one. Even then the "Railway-men" were not satisfied, and another game was arranged. Once more Wolves won, and have since had no opposition to the using of their title.

In 1893, when they won the F.A. Cup for the first time, the folk of Wolverhampton were mighty proud of their team, especially as it included eight local lads and three from the neighbouring county of Shropshire. The people of the latter county, too, felt pleased at Wolverhampton's success, and all along the train route they let off fog signals!

It was shortly after this win that the Wolves moved from their headquarters, at Dudley Road, to their present stadium at Molineux.

The builder who erected a row of houses on the site called them "Cup Final Villas," placing on each house a tablet bearing the name of one of Wolverhampton's cup-winning footballers. The road in which "Cup Final Villas" stand is known as Wanderers Avenue!

The Wolves have always possessed a great centre-forward, and their present leader, Dennis Westcott, is proving as successful as those who have gone before him.

George Hedley was one of the best. In 1908, when playing for the Wolves against Newcastle United, he scored what must rank among the most unusual of all goals.

Securing the ball halfway up the field, he raced like a deer towards the Newcastle goal. One, two, three men altogether he beat by brilliant footwork. Then, taking careful aim, he slammed the ball into the Newcastle net.

At the same time he gave a sudden jump, and began to trot to where the trainer, on the touch-line, was waiting. Hedley pointed to his boot, and the trainer immediately began to place adhesive tape around the toe-cap, for in scoring his goal Hedley's boot had broken in half. Fortunately, this did not prevent him from playing a big part in his side's success.

Those boots worn by Hedley in the all-important Final were very old. Little of the original leather remained, and before the game his trainer had begged him to change his boots—but George remained faithful to his old friends. He is, however, one of the few players to go through a Cup Final wearing boots held together by adhesive tape.

In the last few years the Wolves have transferred players for over £100,000—yet they still manage to field teams strong enough to beat the majority of their opponents.

At the moment, Major Frank Buckley's stars are scattered all over the world—but he still manages to find young stars to take their places. In the present season you can be sure that they will discover youthful successors to Cullis, Westcott, and others who have gained fame in Wolverhampton's old-gold and black shirt.

Solution to Allied Ports:
SUNDERLAND.Solution to Numerical Puzzles
No. 1

First drum: Cook 81, mate 80.
Second drum: Cook 51, mate 100.

Drum held 201 ounces of treacle.

No. 2.

7.440 (divided by six, 1.240;
divided by five and reversed,
8.841).

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

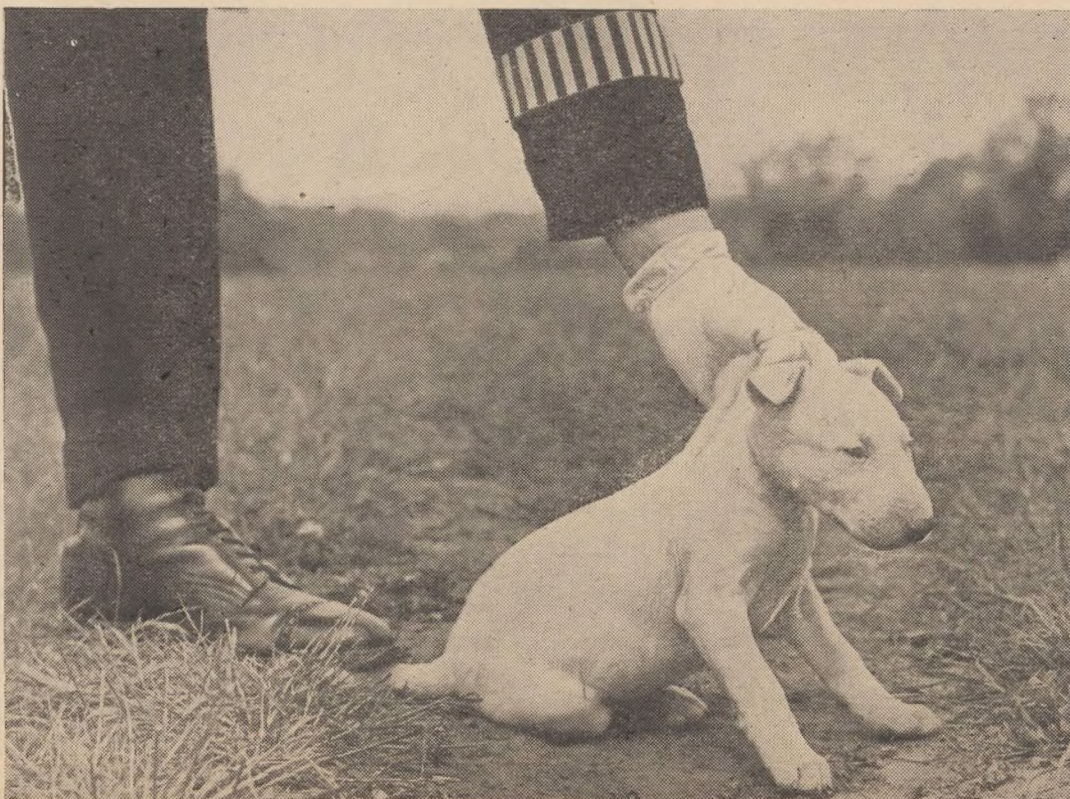
A smashing return by a smashing—well, how would YOU describe Ann Sheridan?



Now we know what is meant by saying "He's up to the neck in it."



You know very well I hate being photographed, but I'll consent this time. I'll do anything for a submariner.



"Something seems to tell me this ain't no friendly grip. Shall I 'play possum,' or shall I turn round and attack my captor?"

This England

A glimpse of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre from across the river Avon at Stratford.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Pickin' your weight, are'nt you guv'nor?"

